



BRITTANIA'S TEARS:
O R,
England's Lamentation.
I N A N
E L E G Y

Occasion'd by the Death of Our so much Beloved Monarch, and Deliverer,
His Late Most Gracious Majesty, King *WILLIAM III.* Who De-
parted this Life, for the Obtaining a Crown of Glory, from the Hands of
His Blessed Redeemer, *March the 8th. 1701.*

NO Longer, O thou God of Heav'n and Earth,
From whose Existence all Things take their Birth:
No longer, O thou Sacred *Three in One*,
Who *knew all things*, before this World began:
No longer, O thou God of Nature, save
This *Apple-tree* Body from the Grave;
Since the *first Spring*, which gave my Soul Delight,
Is vanish'd far above this Land of Night:
Oh, that my Head a Flood of Waters were,
And these Two blubb'ring Eyes both Mountains clear,
Then shou'd I, Day and Night, esteem it best,
To Sigh some Time away, and Weep the Rest.
Then shou'd my Widdow'd Soul exempt from Fears,
Moisten its withring Limbs in Floods of Tears;
Then shou'd my Couch in Liquid Brine be made,
And I of Death, nor Nature be afraid:
Then wou'd I lie me down, and never Dream,
But Horror in my Sleep should be supreme:
Nature shou'd know no Rest, but loud Allarms
Of Fire and Plague; and all the illboding Harms
That ever in *Pandora's Box* was known,
Should be amongst those, Murm'ring Mortals thrown.

For why, *Brittania*, God has ta'en away
Thy Guardian Angel, whose Eternal Ray,
Shines more Resplendant in a Glorious place,
Where Cherubs fore their Maker Vail their Face:

Ah, Heaven-born *WILLIAM*, Thou, whose Pious Soul
Darted its Virtues far above each Pole:
Thou, who was sent by Heaven's strict Decree,
To be our Man of War by Land and Sea:
Thou, who Espous'd the Mighty Cause of God,
And Punish'd Pop'ry with *JEHOVAH's Rod*:
Why hast Thou left us here, Depress'd with Grief,
And none behind like Thee, for our Relief?
Who shall Swim o'er the *Boyn*, to Fight our Cause,
Secure our Rights, Religion and our Laws?
Who shall indure Seven Toilsome Years Campaigne,
And Run those Risques of Wasting o'er the Main?
Who shall Incourage Poor, and Suppress Vice,
And Study *England's* Flourishing and Rise?
Who shall Reduce a Faithless King to Reason,
And Punish Villians for their Hellish Treason?
Who, who, I say, shall do such mighty Things,
Now Thou art with thy God, the King of Kings:

None, poor *Brittania*, none, without *Jehove*,
Once more vouchsafes to Smile on us in Love.

Ah! blessed Monarch! Hear Thy Subjects Cryes,
Which do attend Thee to the Azure Skies;
Thou now art freed from all Conspiracies,
All Machinations, Popish Treacheries:
God still secur'd Thee from a sudden Death,
And took Thy Soul as Calmly as Thy Breath:
He Crown'd Thy Reign, and ev'ry Glorious Action
With joynt Success, to all our Satisfaction:
And now Thy Loss is mourn'd by all, but those
Who were to God and's People, secret Foes.

The Nation Weeps, now Prayers can't avail,
And ev'ry Subject's Heart begins to fail,
For fear that *France* should once Insult again,
And Link us fast unto his Slavish Chain:
The Soldier Weeps, because his Monarch's Fled,
And fears he ne'er shall find another Head:
The Saylor Weeps, and makes the Ocean Swell,
And turns each Ship into a Weeping Well.
All who have any spark of Good, or Grace,
Appear abroad with a Dejected Face:
Our Foreign Neighbours Grieve he Dy'd so soon,
That *England's* Sun should Set before 'tis Noon:
The floating *Hollanders*, th' oppressed *Dutch*,
Bemoan his Loss, and Heav'n the Jewel begrutch:

E P I T A P H.

WILLIAM the Third lies here, th' Almighty's Friend,
A Scourge to France, a Check to imperious Rome,
Who did our Rights and Liberties defend,
And Rescu'd England from it's threaten'd Doom.
Heav'n snatch'd Him from us whom our Hearts Carress'd,
And now He's King in Heav'n, among the Blest.
Grief stops my Pen: — Reader, pray Weep the Rest.
Mastin Composit. B. H.

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